

## **The Long and Winding Road** by Kendra Luehr

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**Summary:** Grieving and in need of distance, Nancy finds an unexpected confidant in Billy Hargrove. Billy x Nancy (Sexual content warning)

# 1. Scars

## CH 1: Scars

Nancy was beginning to think she'd never stop crying. Every night before she fell asleep, she could envision Barb's face, tormented and scared as she raced through the Upside Down. Because that's how it had to have happened, right? Something similar to her own experience?

"Watch it, Wheeler. Go find some other corner to cry."

Looking up with a start, Nancy bristled when she saw the new kid – Billy? – fishing a cigarette out of his pocket. Mouth curling, she rolled her eyes and turned indignantly to her left.

Billy appraised her with a sneer. "What's the matter? Not willing to use your tongue and speak? 'Cause from what I've heard, you're pretty generous in that department."

"Fuck off." The words were out before she could stop them, and posture tensing, Nancy pressed her lips into a thin, grim line.

"Well, well, well! Guess the kitten's got claws, after all."

"I do," she seethed, "though I wish I could say you had two brain cells, after all."

Billy snorted, snapping his lighter shut with a careless flick of the wrist. Ribbons of smoke festooned from his nose, and he grinned when he caught the disgusted curl of her mouth. "Nancy, right?"

"You know who I am."

"The gossip version, sure." Billy shrugged, taking a long, drawn-out drag from his cigarette. "Are you telling me that's who you really are?"

Gaze deep and cutting, she looked up at his profile and shrugged. "I don't care what people think."

"Yes, you do. You're Hawkins' little sweetheart – straight A's, too, and one of them's in French." He wagged his tongue and laughed, but felt a dip in his bravado when she sniffled. Shit. He hated crying... He hadn't been kidding when he'd told her to go bawl somewhere else.

Drawing a hand over her mouth, Nancy shook her head and sniveled. "Look, I don't have time for this, okay? Barb's dead, and just...nobody else seems to care, and the absolute last thing I need is you getting involved in shit you couldn't possibly understand."

Billy finally appeared offended. "And how do you know what I do and don't understand, huh? What makes you think I haven't lost someone too, you spoiled little rich bitch?"

Nancy flinched at that, startled. "W-what are you saying?"

"Forget it."

"No, I want to know." Expression softening somewhat, she wiped her eyes and regarded him warily. "You can't just say something like that and not elaborate."

Billy shook his head, rolling his eyes.

"Come on, it's only fair... You know about me and Barb, so can't you just...? I don't know..."

"Jack."

"What?"

"His name was Jack."

Chewing her lip, Nancy nodded encouragingly. "And he was...?"

"My best friend. Well...I guess guys like me don't really have best friends, but we tolerated one another. He had my back, and I had his."

"So what happened?"

Eyes darkening, Billy tossed his cigarette and stomped on it,

obliterating it beneath his boot. "He died."

"W-well yes, I assumed that, but-"

"He fucking O.D.'d, okay? We both used to do heroin – the good shit, too – but there's nothing like seeing your friend's wide, lifeless eyes to sober you right the fuck up. Even now, I can't get his face and his...his fucking purple tongue out of my head."

Nancy paled, her hand fluttering toward her throat. "Jesus... I-I'm so sorry."

Billy's smile was bitter. "Yeah. Everyone's always so sorry. Never caused anyone to step up and help though, that's for goddamn sure."

Tasting bile, Nancy looked down at the ground. "You must think I'm overreacting about Barb..."

"I never said that."

"No, but...I guess having to actually see your friend must've been worse than hearing about it secondhand."

Billy shrugged. "Loss is loss, Wheeler. It all sucks balls. And last time I checked, we weren't in a pissing contest..." He paused to grab himself, grinning lewdly. "Though I'd certainly win."

Nancy scoffed, a faint hint of scarlet touching her cheeks. "And here I was, thinking you weren't so bad..."

He chuckled. "No need to rock the boat, right?" Angling in toward her, he tucked his hands into his pockets and appraised her with a long, appreciative once-over. "Say, are you always this fun in the morning?"

The corner of Nancy's mouth quirked, the tears finally drying on her cheeks. "You're going to die wondering."

**A/N:** Me after S2: GOD, I hate Billy SO much, I hope he's the one who dies! Me after S3: writes multiple fics of Billy making long-lasting, meaningful friendships, and over-coming the abuse he withstood for so many years. I GUESS I HAVE A TYPE. haha Anyway,

I've always really wanted to see these two interact, because I feel like they'd have really fun/snappy banter. I don't know if I'll continue this/make it shippier, but I might, depending on the response, especially since there are basically only three fics for this ship lol.

P.S. Why, yes. I DID name this after my favorite Beatles song. ;)

P.P..S. If you wish to read my **historical/supernatural romance novel**, you can find it on my Tumblr, musicboxmemories!

## 2. Car Trouble

A/N: I honestly wasn't expecting to write more, but then this plot bunny bugged me all day until I gave in! Apparently, I'm in the mood for fun, snappy banter, because I haven't touched my way more serious Billy/El fic in days. Anyway, hope you enjoy this addition! I'm still undecided if I'll keep adding to it or not.

### CH 2: Car Trouble

For the first time in months, Nancy's father had given her the keys to his station wagon. After Barb's death, riding the bus was out of the question – too many people *stared* and gossiped. She didn't want to add fuel to their fire.

But, as with all such luck, there came a flipside. And that flipside was now biting her smackdab in the ass, because about two miles away from school, she'd broken down *right* in no man's land. Hawkins was bleakly unpopulated, so the brief stretch in between school and suburbia was uncomfortably barren. She knew it could be a while before anyone drove by.

"Great," she muttered. "Just *great*." Kicking the left tire, Nancy turned just in time to see a blue Camaro on the horizon. Eyes lighting up, she moved out toward the approaching vehicle and waved her arms, jumping around with the hopes of gaining the driver's attention. Or at least, she *had* until she realized just *who* was behind the wheel...

*Son of a bitch.*

The Camaro pulled over, and Nancy realized all too late that she was trapped.

"Well, well, well!" Stepping out of his car, Billy smugly shut the door and strode over to her, his typical wide, shit-eating grin adorning his face. "Did your car breakdown, princess?" With his cigarette bobbing between his lips, he tilted his head to glance at the hood. "You got any jumper cables?"

Nancy flushed, both from confusion and embarrassment. "Oh, God...I

don't know. What do they look like?"

Billy rolled his eyes. "Y'know, for being 'Little Miss Top of Her Class,' I don't think 'daddy dearest' taught you what counts. I got some in my backseat, if you want me to have a look."

Bewildered, Nancy blinked and waved her hands, gesturing for him to go ahead. She had never been well-versed in cars, so all of that had gone above and beyond her understanding.

"Pop the hood," he said.

After she'd done as he asked, Billy returned with his jumper cables, dragging on his cigarette and humming "Under Pressure" under his breath. After clipping them in between her car and his, he turned the ignition to his car and leaned against the door. "And now we wait," he said. "After this, it should work just fine."

"Really?" Skeptical, Nancy looked in between her car and Billy's sly, smug blue eyes. "What's the catch?"

With faux offense, he drew a hand over his heart. "What, you mean *I* would do something with a catch? Man, Wheeler, you don't know me at all."

"And I'd prefer to *keep* it that way."

Chuckling, Billy moved away from his car and circled back around toward her. "We've got about five minutes of this, you know. Your car needs juice. I'm beginning to think maybe you *wanted* me to find you here."

Mouth pursing in annoyance, Nancy self-consciously held herself around the middle – God, his eyes were almost *wolfish* with the way he was appraising her – and she shrugged, tilting her chin so that their gaze locked. "You're an idiot," she declared, "but I'm beginning to realize that that's par for the course. Let's make sure we keep this conversation to a minimum, okay?"

Billy snorted. "Do I really *look* like a conversationalist, sweetheart? I'd rather ram an icepick through my own ear canal than talk about – ohmygod, *Steve!*"

Flustered, Nancy scowled at him before pointedly moving back toward her own vehicle. "Shut up and stay on your side."

He grinned. "Well, yes ma'am! Is this a preview of what's to come in the bedroom?"

Ignoring him, Nancy leaned against her car and folded her arms, her skin flushing all the way from her cheeks to her collarbone. If she had been wearing a lowcut blouse, Billy had a feeling that the healthy, pretty pink would've continued even further.

"Where did you learn all that?"

"Hmm?" Lifting his gaze back to a more *gentlemanly* place, Billy arched a brow and smirked. "Where did I learn what, hmm? My dashing charisma? It's *homegrown*, babe, and there's plenty more where that came from."

Nancy sighed. "I meant the *car*, idiot. Where did you learn to fix them?"

"Oh, uh...nowhere special," Billy said, finally appearing guarded. "When I was younger, I liked to read about cars. Guess it comes with the territory."

"Not really... I mean, I liked to read medical journals, but that doesn't mean I can operate on people because of it," Nancy said. "Did someone teach you?"

"No." The word was said with such vitriol, such *finality*, that she knew the subject was closed.

"Okay..." Directing her gaze out over the horizon, she watched a pair of birds fly overhead and sighed. "Thank you, by the way. You could've kept going, but you didn't...and I appreciate that."

Billy shrugged. "Don't get all gooey on me, alright? We have a good thing going."

"It's not *gooey* to thank someone. It's called common decency – maybe you should try it sometime."



"And we're back," Billy quipped, grinning as he leaned in to shut off his ignition. "Try your car."

Chewing her lip, Nancy leaned into her vehicle and twisted the key, only to give an exultant shout when the engine roared to life. "Y-you did it!" she exclaimed. "I don't know how, but it's working!"

Billy scoffed. "You act surprised..."

"To be fair, I am." Straightening her stance, she looked over her shoulder and grimaced. "I need to get home...my parents will have noticed I'm missing by now."

Billy shrugged, opening the car door for her. "So what? It's not like you went joyriding with Hawkins' most eligible bachelor...unless you *want* to?"

"No, thanks." Rolling her eyes, Nancy re-adjusted the purse on her shoulder and turned to face him. "But thank you...for fixing my car."

"And what do I get in return, hmm? You said so yourself that it works." Billy grinned, leaning in while sparing a direct, meaningful look toward her mouth.

Nancy groaned. "Ugh, can't you just be happy with being a decent human being? That part being *past tense*?"

"Aw c'mon, babe, don't make me beg – I *never* beg. In fact, I have a feeling that before long, it'll be *you* begging *me*."

"Begging you to end my misery? Yeah, absolutely." Rolling her eyes, Nancy stooped down and got into her car. "Thanks for the jump."

Billy winked. "Maybe next time I'll jump *you*, yeah?"

"In your *dreams*."

"You can count on it."

Nancy sped off in a cloud of dust, causing Billy to grin as he leaned back against the hood of his car. He hadn't really thought of her as his type, but she sure as hell was starting to be...

### 3. Checked Out

#### CH 3: Checked Out

At Hawkins High, there was only one place Nancy felt relatively safe, and that was the library. Nobody talked to her or bothered her there – nobody stared or whispered or *gossiped* – so after a particularly taxing morning, she found herself perusing the well-stocked shelves. Despite the fact books couldn't take away the pain, they were a damn good substitute for actual feelings.

Lifting a hand, Nancy pulled a book off the shelf and yelped, startled to see Billy's face on the other side.

He winked. "Hey there, babe. Miss me?"

"Oh my God, are you *following* me?" Pressing a hand over her pounding heart, Nancy exhaled and shook her head. "This is a new low, even for you."

Billy snorted. "I'm here to check out a book, just like every other pock-marked freak in this room."

Nancy appeared skeptical. "*You* read?"

"Sure, I do! Especially, uh..." He plucked a random book off the shelf. "*This* one."

"Lady Chatterley's Lover? *Seriously?*"

"Sure, why not? I love a good ol' story about boning."

Nancy's cheeks flushed red. "That's not...! I-I mean, that's not *all* it's about. There's also the effect of the Industrial Revolution on-"

"God, *alright*, sorry I asked. You can be a real buzzkill, you know that?"

Nancy soured. "Well if I'm such a buzzkill, why are you stalking me?"

Billy sauntered around to her side of the shelf, leering at her in that

smug, appraising way that made her skin prickle. "It's not *stalking* if we go to the same school, princess." Now lifting an arm to rest against the neighboring shelf, he leaned in close and reveled in her wide, startled eyes. "Wanna go out with me?"

"What?" She withdrew in surprise. "God, *no*."

"Ah. So you prefer the skeevy, take your picture while you're naked types? 'Cause I can do that too."

Nancy paled, her mouth dropping open. "How...h-how did you...?"

"Small town, small minds. Nobody ever bothers keeping a secret around here."

Swallowing, she lifted her chin. "I do *not* want to go out with you, Billy. You're arrogant and cruel, and just last week, you threw poor Ivan Dockett into the school dumpster!"

"Because he's *trash*. Can't blame a guy for doing what comes naturally to him." Tonguing the corner of his mouth, he grinned. "Speaking of what comes *naturally*, I saw you watching me after school yesterday."

Nancy bristled. "I...I-I was *not*! I mean...I was just making sure I didn't need to *run*."

"Yeah? Well I don't see you running now, babe." He took a step forward, to which she promptly stumbled back.

"Don't get the wrong idea about me, Billy. I am *not* interested."

"Oh, c'mon. Do you like seafood? It could be you, me, and a whole bunch a' fish for the night. Whaddaya say?"

Nancy's expression grew scornful. "You're talking about Long John Silver's, aren't you?"

Billy laughed, his eyes flashing with amusement. "Wow. You must think *really* poorly of me, don't you?"

"The *poorest*."

Reaching out a hand, Billy pushed back a stray lock of hair that had fallen into her eyes. "Pick you up at eight?"

God, he was *insatiable*! Ducking away from his touch, she chewed her lip and cradled her books against her chest. "If I say yes to a night full of fish, torture, and a continuous assault on my ear drums, will you go away?"

"I'll do better than that," Billy agreed. "I'll go away *and* give you the best night of your life."

"Oh, *please*." In spite of herself, Nancy smiled. Now pressing one of her books to his chest, she added, "I said I would go, so why don't you take this book? You *did* come in here to check one out, right?"

"Uhh..." Blinking in surprise, Billy looked down at the cover with a scoff. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. *Hyde*? Just what are you trying to say about me?"

Nancy simpered, lifting her shoulders. "See you later." Now walking off with a rather prideful switch to her hips, she turned to regard him one last time before heading into the hall.

A/N: I'm so sorry for the wait! I've been very distracted by my other ST fic, "Lost in the Dark." The nice thing is this is fun/light/upbeat to write, while the other fic is dark and angsty, so I can delve into whichever I'm in the mood for. Evidently, I've been in the mood for angst, 'cause I've actually been sitting on this idea for at least a week! I'm glad I finally got to sit down and write it!

P.S. Yes, the title is a (terrible) library pun. Couldn't help myself!

## INDIVIDUAL THANKS:

*Kara*: Haha, thank you so much! That's honestly the line that inspired the rest of the drabble. xD

*Shian1998*: I thanked you earlier for catching that, but I'm thanking you again, 'cause that would've been awkward if it had stayed that way! lol But thanks, I'm glad you enjoyed their banter! I really love writing them snapping at each other, so it's going to be interesting to see how I can (try) and make them mellow out later on lol.

*Guest:* Thanks so much! I might make it M eventually, depending on how far I keep going. :) This is definitely one of those couples that makes an M rating easy to achieve lol. I normally do write M fics, which is why writing ST is so different for me since thus far, all of my stuff has been T.

*Guest:* Oh gosh, thank you! :) And same here. I'm amazed (and disappointed) that they never interacted! I think their chemistry could've been fun.

## 4. Make-Out Creek

### CH 4: Make-Out Creek

Nancy felt sick. What the hell was she doing? *Why* had she agreed to a stupid date? No, no, she refused to call it that... Billy Hargrove was a *dog*, and twice as feral. She'd seen him decimate smaller, weaker boys at school, and woo the hearts of blinded girls. Yet if she knew his game, *why the hell was she playing?*

Grumbling to herself, Nancy crawled out her bedroom window and slid down the drain pipe. Billy hadn't wanted to ring her doorbell (and quite frankly, she hadn't wanted him to either), so Nancy was more than content to sneak out to the edge of the street. He sat there waiting for her in his Camaro, only looking over when she stopped directly alongside his door.

"Well, it's about damn time," he complained. "What are you, the Queen of England? Not everyone has time to wait around on you, y'know."

Nancy scoffed. "It's not like you have anywhere else to be," she reminded him. "Unless, of course, you've decided to relieve me of this torment and let me go home?"

He grinned, tonguing one incisor. "Not likely, babe. Hop in."

Rolling her eyes, she folded her arms and moved around to the other side of the Camaro, feeling oddly self-conscious as she opened the door and slid in. Maybe if he didn't always look at her like she was a piece of *meat*, things would be far less disconcerting. "So, um..." She chewed her lip, waving a hand. "Where are we going? What restaurant did you pick?"

"*Restaurant?* Oh...right. The whole fish thing." Pointing toward the backseat, he said, "I had a change of heart."

With the blood draining from her face, Nancy angrily looked between him and the back. "Oh, I'll bet you have," she seethed. "Just what kind of girl do you take me for? I'll have you know that-!"

"Relax, wouldja? I've got picnic shit in the backseat, so don't get your panties in a twist."

"What?" Peering down distrustfully into the back, she realized that he did, indeed, have a cooler wedged in between the seat and the car door. "Oh..."

"You seem surprised."

"I am...you don't really strike me as the picnic type."

"Yeah, well I am when there's the possibility of gettin' lucky."

Nancy laughed, a humorless bite to her tone. "Oh no, there is *zero* chance of *that* happening tonight."

"Really? *Zero*?" Looking her over, Billy's gaze raked appreciatively over her pale, slender legs. "If there's a zero chance of me getting to second or third base, how come you wore that short little skirt?"

Nancy bristled. "Maybe because I like it?"

"Well sure, but you didn't wear it to school. You *intentionally* picked that out for our date."

"Stop calling it that! This isn't a date!"

"Okay, okay, you picked it out for our *boning session*, whatever. The facts are still the same."

"Will you just *drive*?"

Chuckling, Billy leaned over and invaded her personal space, causing Nancy to cringe and her heart to leap into her throat. He smelled...*good*, and the way his large, smoldering blue eyes honed in on her every move made her dizzy.

"You look nice," he whispered. Nancy bit her lip, clenching her hands while he remained so close with his stupid, nice-smelling aftershave, and his... *God*, he was touching her wrist now, and she helplessly tensed when he brushed his thumb along her thrumming pulse. "Guess we gotta go."

He withdrew then, and Nancy visibly sagged against her seat. What an *asshole*.

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"Wait...isn't this Make-Out Creek?"

"Yeah, so? No one else is around." Getting out of his car, Billy slammed the door shut and moved around to let Nancy out of the vehicle. She hesitated, looking in between him and the lovely, secluded area. A lot of couples – teenagers, specifically – would go here and fool around. In many cases, it ended in early motherhood for some girls... She had even gone here with Steve once, but *only* once. There was a certain voyeuristic thrill in potentially being spotted, and she had a feeling that was why Billy had chosen this location.

"Come over here," Billy said. He was spreading out a blanket, and when he lifted his head, he flashed her that boyish smile that had made so many hearts melt. Nancy, fortunately, still had most of her wits about her.

Stubbornly, she waited a beat before moving over to the blanket, her expression rigid as she slid to her knees and opened the cooler. All at once, her brow knit in confusion. "This is full of booze..."

Billy laughed, then rummaged around before pulling out some sandwiches. "Nah, there's other stuff too," he promised. "I just kept 'em at the bottom so they'd stay cooler."

"Sure." Taking one of the sandwiches, she peered into the cooler and frowned when she realized there wasn't any water. Just...alcohol. Clearly, he had planned this to his advantage.

"Relax, I'm a man of honor," Billy said, taking note of her wary look.

Nancy scoffed. "You? A man of *honor*? Do you even know what that means?"

"Hey, hey, go easy on me, will ya? I may enjoy flirting, but I am *not* a dog in that respect. I mean, shit...where's the fun in taking what isn't offered? That gets rid of the thrill of the chase."



She pursed her mouth, only slightly more at ease. "You *would* be the one to make this about something as shallow as that. I always wondered why you were interested in me, and I guess now I have my answer."

"Nah, I doubt you do."

"What? So you mean it's something *beyond* my bra size?" There was a bitterness to her tone, and after Nancy had peeled the foil from her sandwich, she looked up and was startled by the wistful look in Billy's eyes.

"You're genuine," he said. "You don't kiss my ass or pretend to like me 'cause a' my family, and I really dig that. And hell, maybe someday, you actually *will* like me."

Nancy cracked a smile. "I wouldn't count on it." Remaining on her knees, she awkwardly shifted, attempting to keep her skirt at a decent length. If she'd known she wouldn't be sitting in a *chair* that evening, perhaps she would've re-evaluated her wardrobe choices.

Billy sighed. Now shrugging out of his denim jacket, he waited a beat before tossing it over. "Put that over your lap," he said. "That way, you can sit down."

Chewing her lip, Nancy hesitated before lifting the jacket off the blanket, noting with annoyance how it smelled like him. *Unsurprising*, but still frustrating...for reasons she didn't quite want to admit to herself. "Thanks," she muttered. "Color me surprised."

"Babe, I think you'll find I'm just *full* of surprises."

Catching his wink, Nancy rolled her eyes, though she was smiling more genuinely now. "So did you actually make all of this, or did you steal it from some poor, unsuspecting neighbor's fridge?"

He scoffed. "What, so you think I dunno how to slap a bunch of meat and cheese onto bread? You really *do* think I'm a moron, don't you?"

"Maybe a little less than I did earlier, but yes," Nancy agreed, simpering. She hated this – God, she *hated* it! How was she starting to enjoy herself? Billy was a pig, and a stupid one at that, and yet out

here surrounded by foliage and the bubbling creek, he really didn't seem so bad. Arrogant and insufferable, sure, but not *awful*.

"I like it."

She blinked at him, surprised. "You like what?"

"You in my jacket."

Flustered, Nancy irritably squirmed beneath his gaze, her eyes averting when Billy's tongue ran over his bottom lip. "It's not...I-I'm not *wearing* it, I just..."

"I'll bet you'd look good *only* wearing that too."

She scowled. "Wow. And to think I was actually starting to entertain the idea that you might not be a total jerk."

Billy chuckled. "Heaven forbid I break the status quo, right, princess? Besides, I've always gotta tell the truth. Speaking your mind is healthy."

Nancy scoffed. "With the way your mind goes, I didn't think there was enough up there to quote."

"Ha. Cute."

Irritably, she bit into her sandwich, pink-cheeked and fuming. "Can we just...I don't know...talk about something *normal* instead of sex?"

Billy's eyebrows drew high on his forehead. "Oh-ho, so you're that desperate to get to know me, are ya? Sure, Little Miss Prude. I'd be *more* than happy to talk about normal shit."

For once Nancy didn't take the bait, her mouth tight as she turned and took a beer from the cooler. "Why did you move to Hawkins?"

Billy's expression darkened. "Neil and Susan wanted to move from California."

"Who are-?"

"The people I live with."

"Oh..." It was admittedly an odd phrasing – she *assumed* he meant his parents – but judging by the cold, heavy look to his gaze, it was a touchy subject. She opened her beer and sipped at the foam. "Um... did you like California better?"

Billy snorted. "What do *you* think?"

"Yeah, okay, I guess that was a stupid question, but some people prefer the quiet over...what, exactly? Waves and surf and heat?"

"More or less."

Chewing her lip, Nancy shrugged. "You can ask me something, if you'd like."

"Yeah, okay. Why did you agree to go out with me?"

Taken off-guard, Nancy felt her pulse jump when they locked eyes. "Um...mostly because I wanted you to stop asking. I thought that maybe if we went out, you'd realize I was...y'know...not your type, and that you'd leave me alone."

Billy's lips lifted into a crooked, wolfish smile. "Not by a long-shot, babe. If anything, I'm finding you to be ten times more interesting." He laid a hand on her knee and she shivered, his touch practically *burning* her through the denim of his jacket.

"Can I ask you a follow-up question?"

She nodded, swallowing.

"Are you ever gonna let me kiss you?"

Oh...*God*. Abruptly, Nancy moved to push Billy's hand off her knee, but he surprised her by curling his fingers around her wrist, anchoring her there before stooping to press a warm, open-mouthed kiss to her palm.

Her breath hitched and her thighs tensed. Heat flooded through her and she gasped, startled when he grazed his teeth along the fluttering

pulse in her wrist. He seemed insistent, *feral*, and a pulsing throb swelled between her legs when he licked at her skin.

"Billy...wait."

He lifted his head then, marveling at her frenzied breath and flushed cheeks. "Do you *really* wanna wait?"

Nancy nodded, nearly spilling her beer as she clumsily set it off to the side. "This can't...this *isn't* happening, Billy. Not ever." He chuckled and curled a hand around the back of her neck, his mouth brushing over hers as her breath hitched. Feebly, she lifted her hands and pressed them against his chest in a weak, pathetic attempt at getting him to release her.

"Nancy?"

She jerked away then, whirling around in panic. Her eyes went wide. "*Mike?*"

"Uhh..." Awkwardly, he looked between her and Eleven. "Yeah, um... we were walking through the woods and found this place, so..."

"You don't just *find* Make-Out Creek, you pervert!"

"Oh, yeah?" Mike was angry now. "What are *you* doing here then? And with..." His eyes narrowed, honing in on Billy in disbelief. "Wow, are you *serious*, Nancy? This guy's gotta have STDs *on top* of his STDs!"

Billy scoffed. "If that stands for Sexually Talented Dom, then you're one-hundred percent right."

"Get *out* of here, jerk!"

Eleven looked back and forth between the three, wide-eyed and uncertain of what to do.

Utterly humiliated, Nancy slipped Billy's jacket off her legs and rose to her proper height, her cheeks burning as she defensively folded her arms. "Billy, please take me home."

"Oh, but..."

"Please."

Sighing, he rolled his eyes and pushed himself up off the ground, sparing Mike a menacing glare as he began gathering up their picnic supplies.

"You leave my sister alone," Mike warned.

"Or else *what*? You gonna fight me? Maybe beat me to death with those noodle arms?"

"Mike, stop," Nancy admonished. To Billy, she added, "Let's just go."

"*Gladly.*" With everything back in the cooler, he motioned for Nancy to head to his Camaro. As she hurriedly rushed over to the vehicle, Billy held back a moment to whack Mike over the head. "Better wear a condom, dipshit."

"Fuck off," Mike bit back, sorely rubbing his head. "And leave my sister alone – she'll never date a guy like you!"

"Yeah, well..." Billy grinned. "We'll just have to wait and see, I guess."

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"Here we are."

"Yeah..." Peering up at the Wheeler household, Nancy sighed and turned to look at Billy. "I'm sorry for what happened back there."

"I'm sorry too," he said, sparing her a meaningful look. "I think we were interrupted from doing something we *both* wanted."

Nancy squirmed. "N-no, um...I'm not apologizing for *that*, I just..."

"Meet me tomorrow."

"What?"

"You. Me. Before school behind the bleachers."

Nancy laughed, her cheeks tinging pink. "You seriously think I'm

going to *hook up* with you before school?"

"We can hook up not-so-seriously too, if you'd like."

"Ugh, *no*."

Leaning over the divider, Billy took hold of Nancy's chin and turned her head to face him, her pulse racing when he brushed his thumb over the full, sensual curve of her mouth.

"I'm not asking," he whispered. "I'm *telling* you to meet me."

Dizzy, Nancy whispered back, "I thought you weren't like that...you said you wouldn't take what isn't offered."

"Oh, I think it's being offered."

"You're a *pig*."

He pressed a kiss to her forehead, his lips lingering there as she clutched at the lapels of his jacket. "I'll be there at six," he murmured. "If you're not there on time, I'm getting started without you."

Flustered, Nancy immediately broke away from him, her cheeks burning crimson as she stumbled out of the car. She found that she couldn't even *breathe* again until she was safely back in her bedroom.

**A/N:** Wow, sorry for disappearing yet again! I'm currently stuck on "Lost in the Dark," so I was able to come back and update this. I'm glad that the vibes are so different, cuz it makes it relatively easy (and fun) to switch! Hope you enjoyed!

#### **INDIVIDUAL THANKS:**

**Kara:** LOL he definitely does, yes. Sometimes infuriatingly so, but I guess that's why we love him? :')

**Shian1998:** Thank you! :) I'm trying to keep up the banter for as long as I can, cuz I know how that tends to cool a bit once characters finally kiss/hook-up.

**madscientistproduction.01:** Haha, that's okay! I feel like that's what

most people do, tbh, but I'm glad you're enjoying it! :) And bwuah, that's so sweet, thank you! ;^; I like that both fics are so different, cuz I have different "Billy needs," and this is the fun/pervy one lol, so I guess I was in the mood for trash this time around lol. That, and I'm a little stuck on "Lost in the Dark," so I decided to try and see if I could update here instead. Fortunately, I was able to churn out one more chapter!

## 5. Giving In

**Explicit sexual content warning.** I wouldn't recommend reading this unless you're fine with smut, because this chapter doesn't contain anything beyond trash. Nancy is still feeling lost and vulnerable about Barb, so she's now filling her emptiness in questionable ways.

### CH 5: Giving In

Nancy was frustrated. Despite her best intentions, she had ignored her head and gone with her...well...not her *heart*, that was for damn sure. She wasn't in love with Billy Hargrove – quite frankly, she didn't harbor any affection for him either, and yet she still found herself striding across the football field early the next morning, determination in her gait as she spotted him leaning against the bleachers. She thrilled in the surprised look on his face.

"I wasn't sure you'd come," Billy said.

Marching up to him, Nancy's stride didn't lessen and he laughed.

"Whoa, whoa, where's the fire, baby? You might wanna slow down a bit."

All at once, she took the lapels of his jacket and yanked him down to her level, crashing her mouth into his in a harsh, messy kiss that tasted of booze and cigarettes. Her fingers tangled through his hair and he groaned, glossing his tongue over her bottom lip. That was when she finally pulled away.

"Here's what's going to happen," Nancy hissed. "You're going to get down on your knees, pleasure me with your mouth, and then we're going to part ways and never speak to each other again. You got me?"

Billy panted, chuckling as he gazed into her sharp eyes. "Babe, you're gonna make me cream my-"

"No." She placed a finger over his lips. "Do *not* ruin this for me by talking. Shut your damn mouth."

Nipping at her finger, he grinned and slid his hands to her waist.



"Don't worry, princess," he purred. "I have *far* better ways of using my tongue."

Frustrated, Nancy took hold of his shoulders and pushed downward, indicating that he get on his knees. He finally complied and she hiked up her skirt, revealing to him that she'd foregone underwear that morning.

"Hurry up," she spat.

Surprised by (but certainly not opposed to) her desperation, Billy cupped her thighs and nuzzled between her legs, relishing in her soft, feeble gasp when he darted his tongue out against her clit. Her knees shook, and then she bucked into his mouth, her hands fumbling to find purchase on his shoulders.

Closing her eyes, Nancy trembled and she parted her legs, his tongue flicking a long, savoring stripe across her folds. "Fuck," she swore. Tangling her fingers through his hair, a sharp cry caught in her throat, and then he was...*God*, he was twisting two fingers deep inside her and flexing them around, sucking on her clit as she writhed against him. Finally, her knees gave out.

Catching hold of her sagging body, Billy laid Nancy out along the grass and hitched up her skirt, pausing to press a kiss to her neck.

"No," Nancy panted, shaking her head. "No, no, I want you down there..." He sucked at her throat, and a responding throb pulsed wetly between her thighs. "*Please*."

Billy chuckled. "Didn't I tell you that one day you'd beg?"

"Fuck off."

Grinning, he lowered down to press a kiss over her pounding heart, her body squirming as she impatiently tried to grind down against his hips. He chuckled and mouthed at her clothed nipple, his hand sliding between them to stroke along her slit. "You're aching for it, aren'tcha, babe?"

"Put your mouth on me," she bit back.

Finally, *finally*, Billy obeyed and hoisted her legs up onto his shoulders. With her core throbbing, she dug her heels into his back and bit her lip, arching as he pressed a harsh, open-mouthed kiss to her slit. He licked at her then and she cried out, shaking weakly from the over-stimulation.

God, she really *was* "Nancy the Slut Wheeler," wasn't she? This was so dirty and *wrong*, and her body hummed like a livewire with each fervent stroke of his tongue between her legs. She'd just wanted to feel good again... She hadn't felt right ever since Barb's death, and with Billy's tongue and fingers thrusting into where she needed him most, she *almost* felt human again.

Feeling faint, she glanced down and drew a breath, trembling at the sight of Billy devouring her essence. With a groan, he began to grind down into the grass, clearly in need of his own friction to ease the ache.

Biting down on her bottom lip, Nancy whimpered and tangled her hands through his curls, now shamelessly rolling into his open mouth as he greedily devoured her. She could see him grinding more fiercely into the grass, and then his fingers suddenly curled deep inside of her, cutting off all logic as she began to clench and spasm.

Thighs tensing around his face, Nancy tilted her head back and nearly screamed from the sharp, staggering orgasm that ripped through her body. Weakened and gasping, she shuddered as Billy continued to thrust his fingers into her slick heat, ensuring that she kept spasming with each abrupt, mind-numbing aftershock.

"Oh...oh, *God*." Collapsing against the earth, Nancy panted weakly as Billy disengaged and wiped his wet, shining mouth onto his shirt collar. She could see him palming himself through his jeans, and unbidden, yet another pang pulsed between her thighs.

"You *sure* you only wanted my tongue in you?" Billy rasped, his palm rolling lazily over his bulge.

Nancy rolled up into a sitting position, her hand curling into his shirt and tugging him toward her. "I don't think you could handle much else," she whispered back. Urging her mouth over his, she ignored her

residual taste and tugged on his hair, groaning softly as their tongues glossed. He tried to pull her into his lap, but she withdrew then, smirking and spiteful as she rose from off the ground. "Why don't you just add that to your spank bank?"

Billy blinked up at her, stunned. "What?"

"Well, since this *is* the end of our arrangement, you're going to need as much wank fodder as you can get." Pleased with herself, she tugged her skirt back into place and brushed the grass off her clothes.

"You...you *bitch*."

"What, is it a *problem* for you to get off on your own? You've got at least fifteen minutes until the track team shows up for practice."

Billy chuckled, though there was a warning fire blazing behind his eyes. "I'm gonna get you back, Wheeler – I'm gonna edge you so fucking hard that you'll regret this moment."

Admittedly, the thought of Billy keeping her *so close* to orgasm, but not allowing it made Nancy's thighs tense, yet all she did was smile. "In order to *edge* me, that'd mean I'd have to let you touch me again. And trust me, I won't. This was it."

Rising off the ground on unsteady legs, Billy chuckled and shook his head. "Yeah? We'll see about that." Taking hold of her wrist, he curled her hand over his arousal and anchored her there, his breath hitching as he pressed his cheek into hers. "Here's a bit of fodder for *your* fucking spank bank," he bit back. Squeezing her fingers around his cock, he groaned and ground himself down into her palm.

Nancy clung to him, cursing her shaking knees as she stroked his hardness. "I *hate* you."

"Yeah? Well you sure have a funny way of showing it."

Abruptly twisting away, Nancy scowled at him and began stumbling back toward the bleachers. Though once Billy began to unzip his pants, she turned and went racing across the field, her legs refusing to stop until she'd returned to the safety of her own car.

A/N: \*hides\* I hadn't anticipated this ever being so raunchy, but it just...took a turn, I guess? lol Nancy is lost and vulnerable, and there's an appeal in falling into Billy's web since he's the exact *opposite* of what she would ever fall for. She just wants to feel again, regardless of who's helping her feel. Also, chapter six is *already* taking an equally unexpected turn, so these two are basically just a mess, and I can't keep up with them lol.

#### INDIVIDUAL THANKS:

*Kara*: LOL thank you so much! I hope this update was worth it for you!

*Shian1998*: For now, Mike doesn't really want to mention anything, because he knows Nancy can spin it around on him and Eleven lol. But yeah...Nancy doesn't really like Billy (yet), so much as what he can *give* her to make her forget the pain/loss of Barb's death.

## 6. Reminiscing

### CH 6: Reminiscing

The following week was surprisingly uneventful. Nancy had avoided Billy, and in turn, he'd (amazingly) respected her wishes. He hadn't gone after her. He hadn't even *looked* at her when they'd crossed paths in the hallway, and she hated to admit that she felt...*empty* again. As obnoxious and piggish as he'd been, Billy had served as a much-needed distraction from all the pain over Barb. And without him there to ground her, she was adrift again...*lost*.

"Nancy, I'm worried about you."

Looking up from her book (which she'd been staring at without truly processing), Nancy frowned when she recognized her mother's stern gaze. She was in for a lecture. Sighing, she shook her head. "Mom..."

"No, I'm serious! This past week, you've barely touched your food, and you've been distant, and I just...I don't know *what* to think. Your brother says you haven't told him what's going on, so I really wish you'd help ease all our minds."

Rising from the couch, Nancy tossed her book aside and shook her head. "It's nothing," she lied.

"It's clearly not *nothing* – you know you can talk to me, right?"

*No, I can't! You couldn't possibly understand!*

Trembling, Nancy lifted her chin and drew a breath. "I appreciate it, mom – really, I do – but I *don't* want to talk about this. Now I'm going to go upstairs, do my homework, and then I'm going to go to bed. Is that okay with you?"

Karen flinched at her daughter's tone, clearly hurt. "Of course it is, honey. I'll put your dinner in the fridge, should you change your mind."

"Thanks." Keeping her head down, Nancy spun around and took the stairs two at a time. Her eyes burned and her throat hurt, and the

moment she entered her room, she made a bee-line straight for her phone.

*This was so stupid. Why was she being so **stupid**?*

Dialing a newly memorized number with shaking, clumsy fingers, Nancy drew a breath and held the phone up to her ear. Someone answered on the third ring.

"Hello?"

"Billy..." Her throat closed up and she sniffled, trying her best not to cry. "Can you...? I-I mean...I know I said I never wanted to see you again, but...could you maybe come over? Just for a little while?"

"What?"

She could hear him setting something off to the side (weights, maybe?), and upbeat rock music continued playing in the background.

"I need someone to talk to," she mumbled. "I know you don't really like that stuff, but-"

"I'll be there."

"Really?"

"Sure, why not? It's not like I've got anything better to do."

*Oh, her hero.* Far too relieved to snap at him, Nancy sniffled again and shifted on her bed. "Okay," she agreed. "I'll leave the window open for you."

"And your window is...?"

"The one on the right side."

"Sooo, is that *your* right or *my* right?"

She sighed, rolling her eyes. "Look, I said I'd leave the window open, didn't I? Just use the process of elimination!"

Hanging up, she chewed her lip and set her phone aside.

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When Billy crept up the side of Nancy's house, he discovered the open window and attempted to squeeze through. Unfortunately, it was a tight fit. Gritting his teeth, he lowered down and began to slide between the tight space, Nancy's apologies only aggravating him further as she lifted the window.

"Jesus, do you think I'm *two feet tall*, or something? You could've left it open a little more."

"I'm sorry!" Nancy said. "I just...I'm used to..." *Steve*. Shaking the thought from her mind, she laid a hand on Billy's arm and helped him inside. "Thank you for coming." With tears in her eyes, she tightly embraced him and burrowed her face into the warm, exposed notch of his chest.

Billy gaped down at her in bewilderment. "Uhh..." Awkwardly, he wrapped his arms around her shoulders, her soft snivels wetting his skin. Jesus, not *this* again. "Are you...? I-I mean, is this about-?"

"Barb," she cut in, nodding. "I can't stop seeing her face, Billy. I just keep picturing these horrible, awful scenarios of her scared and alone, and each time I do nothing – *nothing!*" She wept harder. "What am I supposed to do?"

"Well..."

"What did *you* do?" Lifting her face from his chest, Nancy regarded him with wet, pleading eyes. "When your friend died, how did you make the pain go away?"

Billy's gaze hardened. "I didn't."

"W-what?"

"I *didn't*, Nancy. No matter what anyone says, that shit *never* goes away, and it will *always* haunt you. There are ways to cope, sure, but it's all just a temporary fix."

A lump formed in Nancy's throat. "Oh, God..."

"Yeah." Billy chuckled humorlessly. "It's been three years, and I *still* feel like shit. Booze and fucking chicks helps, but I don't recommend that path for you. Unlike me, you're actually smart. It kinda matters if you throw your life away over something you couldn't stop."

"And how do *you* know I couldn't have stopped it?"

"I guess I don't," he agreed, "but I know *you*, and you're too damn stubborn to let something go without a fight."

Nancy smiled, her eyes sparkling with tears. Taking his hand in hers, she softly asked, "Will you lie down with me for a while?"

Looking in between her and the bed, Billy twisted his mouth and shrugged. "Yeah, sure."

Leading him through the room, Nancy gratefully sat down onto the mattress and pulled him with her. They both reclined, and then she nestled comfortably into the crook of his arm, her chin propping on his chest as the room fell quiet. It was nice...and oddly soothing.

A bit disquieted, Billy shifted and curled his fingers through her hair. He'd never just *lied down* with a woman before. Hell, he'd never *cuddled* one either, so having Nancy's hand over his heart and her head beneath his chin felt good, but *unnatural*.

With a feeble chuckle, he looked down at her. "Y'know, this isn't exactly what I had in mind for the next time we met up."

"Yeah..."

"It's fucking weird."

"I know." She looked up at him then. "Have you ever done this before? Like...done something *nice* without any selfish motivations?"

He hesitated a long moment, then slowly shook his head. "Nah, not really."

"Why not?"

"I dunno, okay? You shouldn't look that deeply into it."



With the finality of his tone, Nancy chewed her lip and began to trace absent patterns on his shirt. That was when she noticed his necklace. It was gold and slightly feminine, and something about the jewelry gave her pause. "Did someone give this to you?"

Following her gaze down toward his necklace, the blood drained from Billy's face, and he immediately looked back up at the ceiling. "Yeah, sorta."

"From a woman?"

"What makes you say that?"

"I don't know, it just doesn't really look like your style...it has a different quality than all the rest of your clothes."

Curling his free hand into a fist, Billy shrugged and nodded. "Yeah, maybe it is."

He didn't have the heart to talk about it. After his mother had fled town, the necklace had been one of the only things she'd left behind. Billy had confiscated it before his father could notice, and miraculously, Neil had never seemed to realize just *what* his son was wearing each day. It allowed Billy to hold her over his heart...even if *she* certainly didn't seem to hold *him* any longer.

"I like it."

"What?"

"The necklace."

Nancy moved to touch it, but Billy quickly caught hold of her hand, trembling somewhat as they locked eyes. "*Don't.*"

Startled by the warning look to his gaze, it occurred to her then that Billy Hargrove wasn't just some punk with a tattoo – he was *human*, and *vulnerable*, and had an Achilles' heel just like everybody else.

Chewing her lip, she gently assured him, "We don't have to talk about it."

"Damn right, we don't. Shut the fuck up." Billy's eyes were blazing, and it made Nancy more curious than ever about the pain he was hiding.

"I have a necklace of Barb's," she softly offered. "Or rather, it's a necklace we both shared together. She has...um...she *had* the other half." Her eyes filled with tears again. "*God*, this just sucks so much."

Billy scoffed. "I'm not normally like this, y'know, so you can stop with the sentimental bullshit."

"Or deep inside, maybe you are," Nancy countered. "Maybe the asshole is the mask."

Billy sneered. "After all I've done to you, you really believe that?"

"I don't know...you said so yourself that you like how genuine I am, so maybe this is what you've needed to hear." Carefully, she laid her hand over his and loosened his grip on her wrist, her eyes never leaving his. "Nobody's just a jerk for the sake of being a jerk, Billy. Sometimes, we hurt so much inside that we want the rest of the world to hurt with us."

Flinching at her assessment, Billy furiously tore his hand from her grasp. "I didn't come over here for *therapy*, you stupid bitch. I came because..."

"Why?" she countered. "*Why* did you come? If you're not 'normally like this,' why should you care at all?"

"I *don't*," he seethed. "I was bored, okay? This town is a fucking snorefest, so what *else* was I supposed to do this evening?"

Nancy was immovable. "Well, according to *you*, there's plenty of booze and sex to be had, so why would you bother visiting me when you *knew* I was emotional, and you *knew* you probably weren't getting laid?"

"I *didn't* know that! Sure, you were crying, and sure you seemed scared, but I thought we were just gonna hang out for a while! I didn't know I'd be spending the night consoling *Nancy the Slut Wheeler!*"

She smacked him hard then, harsh and stinging. Their eyes locked, and then her mouth was suddenly over his, her hands sliding into his hair as their kiss grew more bruising.

Stinging heat filled him with each touch, and when her lips dropped down to his neck, Billy hiked up her skirt and edged himself between her thighs. "If nothing else, you certainly aren't boring," he muttered.

"Shut up."

Billy took hold of Nancy's wrists and tightened his grip, a soft cry escaping her when he pinned them high above her head. "Say *please*," he hissed.

Lifting her legs to frame his waist, she made a stifled noise and rolled her hips, pleased when Billy groaned and mimicked the harsh movement between her thighs. He pressed into where she was softest – where she *ached* for him – and a soft gasp caught between their kiss when he tightened his hold.

Grinding down into her warmth, Billy trembled and licked at her mouth, groaning when she bucked up into his hardness.

A soft knock came at the door. "Nancy?"

*Oh, shit.*

Awkwardly, Billy rolled off the bed and onto the floor, trying his best to hide just as the door opened.

"Mom!" Nancy cried, horrified. "Don't you know how to *knock*?"

"Sorry, sorry!" Karen, in turn appeared flustered, and she ran a hand through her hair. "I just...I wanted to say goodnight."

"Oh, um...well sure. Goodnight."

Gaze cutting toward the open window, Karen frowned and said, "Honey, it's supposed to be cold tonight! Why don't you let me shut that for you?"

"No, no! I-I mean...I've got it," Nancy assured her. Nearly tripping

over Billy, she rushed over to the window and closed it with trembling limbs.

"Well...goodnight then," Karen said, her gaze warm. "I love you, sweetie."

Nancy's harried expression softened. "Love you too, mom. Goodnight." The door closed, and then she let out a sigh of relief.

"Your mom sounds hot." Grinning from the floor, Billy chuckled when Nancy whacked his arm.

"You *would* say that, you pig." Helping him up, her cheeks remained flushed as she said, "I guess you'd better go."

"*Seriously?* You're leaving me with a hard-on *twice* now?"

"Sorry..." She bit her lip, trying to hide a smile. "I swear, this time it wasn't intentional...though my mom seems to have a built-in radar for when she's not wanted."

"Hmph, I'll say... Unless she wanted to join-? *Ow!*" Rubbing the spot she'd punched, he laughed again. "Jesus. For such a small little thing, you sure know how to pack a good wallop. It's kinda hot."

Taking hold of the lapels of his jacket, Nancy kept her eyes focused on his chest, her thumbs worrying over the fake leather. "Thank you...for coming out here tonight," she whispered. "I really, truly *do* feel a lot better." Before Billy could ruin everything with a joke, she rose on her tiptoes and pressed a soft, decidedly chaste kiss to the corner of his mouth. "Goodnight, Billy. I really hope I'll see you at school tomorrow."

He gaped at her, taken aback, before dumbly reaching for the window and reopening it. "Later," he muttered. He hesitated a moment, then edged himself out and began scaling the drainpipe.

Nancy watched him leave, her heart in her throat while she traced over the harsh, red marks he'd left on her wrists.

**A/N:** Aaaand, they took a turn again! lol I'm glad I can finally have them be vulnerable with each other, especially since this entire time,

Billy has more or less been wearing a shield of false bravado. It was nice getting him to act somewhat human for once. Truthfully, this fic hasn't had a concrete plot yet (especially since it's almost been reading like a bunch of one-shots strewn together into a minorly cohesive arc), but I think I'd like to eventually get to the point where Billy is flayed, because I'd love to see how Nancy handles that and tries to help him. IMO, nobody really went above and beyond to help him on the show, but since in this fic Nancy is developing an attachment to him, I could see her championing to bring him back. I might do a timeskip at some point though, since I don't like writing things word-for-word.

P.S. Don't worry, I *won't* be writing Karen/Billy! I just figured his commentary fit the situation.

#### **INDIVIDUAL THANKS:**

*Kara*: LOL I had to laugh at that too, cuz it's what he deserves, lbrh. :) Thanks so much!

*Shian1998*: Understandable! I tried warning everyone, cuz I know it can be a bit much sometimes. But yeah, Nancy's track record for coping mechanisms aren't the best, and coupling that with someone with *equally* bad coping mechanisms has the potential to be disastrous. Though they seem okay (for now lol).

*BundyShoes*: I'm laughing, lol. Nancy deserves a gold star for her self-control. On one hand, women are supposedly better at turning "it" off, but at the same time \*sweats\* lol.

*Guest*: Thank you so much! :) I'm so glad you're enjoying!